CORSICAN · BANDIT

ADVENTURES OF FAMOUS BELLA-COSCIA, WHO DEFIED THE WORLD.

Affair and Waged a Thirty Years'

War with the Gendarmerie.

J. W. H. in New York Recorder.

Antoine Bonnelli, better known to fame as Bellacoscia, the famous Corsican banbeen gathered to his fathers age at 78 years, after a life of adcrime that would furnish

The romantic old man of the mountains of La Pentica first attracted public atback as 1848. On June 22 of and Mayor or that picturesque the air and admiring the flowers that grew three shots rang out. Two bullets whizzed Mayor's right ear. The third to the ground with a ghastly wound in the thigh, from the effects of

Antoine Bellacescia had placed himself | to an opposite house beyond the pale of civilized life, which he was not destined to re-enter for nearly hopes of marrying and of becoming the venerated father of a family.

girl of the Canton of Salice, Jeanne Cerati, the daughter of a wealthy farmer. Believing that Jeanne Cerati loved him well existence, but knowing full well that her parents would never consent to such a

In the evening of Nov. 3, 1848, Antoine Bellacocia, accompanied by three other and summoned the father to allow him to take his daughter away. For all response a gun that was hanging above the fireplace, and leveling it at the intruders, gave them till he counted five to get out.

The threat having failed to intimidate the Corsican priest, Antoine Bellacoscia forced old Cerati to write to his wife and inform her that his death had been decided upon unless she sent the girl without delay. No notice was taken of this threat. Bellacoscia waited a few days and then released old Cerati and his two neighbors, after obtaining the solemn promise of the former that he would give him his

As may be imagined, the old countryman was in no hurry to keep his promise, out Bellacoscia was determined to hold him to it. He proclaimed aloud, and the mountain echoes carried the edict far away into the island, that whoever espoused Jeanne Cerati was a dead man.

to the girl, but in the month of March. person of Jean Baptiste Marcangell. and, despite their warnings, led Jeanne Cerati to the altar on April 30, 1852. His days were numbered. On June 27 following, while cutting grass a few paces from his house, two shots were heard, and Jean Baptiste Marcangell sank down upon his scythe shot through the heart. The crime accomplished, Antoine Bella-

coscia had the incredible audacity to demand the young widow's hand.
Two years had passed since the murder of Mercangeli. Antoine had been joined by his brother Jacques, and the Bellacoscias had become the masters of the mountains which dominate Bocognano.

The bandits had a sister Isabelle Bonelli. a girl of remarkable beauty and much sought after. A youth named Dominique Municoni of Bocognano, where she continued to reside, was most assiduous in his attentions to her, and the announcement of the wedding had been made, when the fiance's love grew cold.

prothers, Dominique Municoni promised to keep faith with the girl and to marry her on a day fixed by the bandits, but when he got safely back to the village he declared, at the instance of his father, that the mion was impossible and that Isabelle was

The brothers Bellacoscia thereupon noti-fied him that he had been condemned to death. On July 31, 1854, Dominique Municoni, who never went out unaccompanied, was walking up and down in front of his house with his brother Cesar and a neighbor named Vizzavona. Suddenly two shots were fired from behind a neighboring wall. Dominique was not hit, but Vizzavona feil dead and Cesar rolled over with his shoul-

der smashed by the second bullet. THIRD DEATH SENTENCE. "Antoine Bellacoscia, who had been already sentenced to penal servitude for life for the sequestration of old Cerati, and twice to death for the murder of Marcaggi and Marcangeli, was again condemned to death in contumaciam, for the killing of Vizzavona. Then began a thirty years' war between

the Bellacoscia brothers and the gendarmes,

entenced to death a fourth time for the murder of Denis Pinelli, a shepherd who had consented to act as guide to the troops in the gorges of La Pentica. In 1869, when the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar visited the island, they stopped the carriage of her ladies-in-waiting, and hand-ing the latter a bouquet of mountain flowers artistically arranged, requested them to present it to the Grand Duchess with

the respectful greeting of the Bellacoscias. When the war with Germany broke out in the following year the Bellacoscias, like second Fra Diavolos, placed their services at the disposal of their country. They solicited a safe conduct of the authorities and begged to be placed in command of a company of sharpshooters. They renewed the appeal in 1871, when the Arab insurrection in Algeria took place. Meanwhile Antoine Bellacoscia had married a woman named Madeleine Arrighi, of Oghlone, by whom he had three childrentwo girls and a boy. The children lived for the most part at Oghione, but Antoine

continued to reside in his mountain fastness, where he kept open table to all vistors not of the military or gendarmerie. entertaining there among others the famous Baron Haussmann, Edmond About, the author and journalist, and M. Emmanuel Arene, deputy for Corsica, and also a well-In 1835 the gendarmes at last succeeded in

laying hands upon one of the Bellacoscia-band, a brigand named Rocchini. The circumstances of his capture characteristic and peculiar. Rocchini, who, like the Bellacoscias, had never stolen a thing in his life, found himself one day weary and a-hungered. A piece of newspaper which he had picked up in the road, and over which he mechan-

ically glanced, contained the programme of an open shooting match, with a first prize of 150 francs, which was announced to take place at a village 100 kilometres distant. Rocchini determined to try his luck. He walked to the shooting ground and easily won the first prize by shooting off the heads of twenty-five fowls with twen-

aroused general enthusiasm, and Rocchini at once became the hero of the fete. The news of the extraordinary feat came to the ears of the officer in charge of the gendarmerie station, who at once declared that the only man in Corsica who could give such an exhibition of marksmanship as that was Rocchini. He mustered all his forces, surrounded the auberge where the hapless bandit was treating the other competitors and an admiring crowd, and cap-tured him. A few months later Rocchini was guillotined at Ajaccio.

FIFTH DEATH SENTENCE.

As to Antoine Bellacoscia, although the they had given up trying to do so for

every time the battalion made its appearance on the streets.

The General considered the situation. He could not doubt that Bellacoscia would keep his word, and that the battalion would lose a man at the hands of the inl lose a man at the hands of the inwould lose a man at the hands of the invisible enemy every day. A cursory inspection of the country convinced him that even were a regiment available the capture of the bandit would be very problematical indeed. He concluded that in any case more lives would be lost in the attemp than the glory of the capture would be worth, and thereafter no further expeditions were sent against the bandits.

Antoine Bellacoscia was waxing old. He had reached the allotted span of life and was threatened with blindness. With the latter fear came a yearning to end his days

latter fear came a yearning to end his days as a lawabiding and honored citizen. Perhaps the end of Rocchini went a long way toward converting him to this change of sentiment. He felt that with his failing eyesight he was liable to capture at any ime, and capture, he knew very well meant a precipitate exit from the world's stage on the bascule of the gullotine one He had little to hope from the justice of men, but he concluded that it would be better to make an honorable surrender than to be ignominiously captured. While he was contemplating making overtures to the authorities the late President Carnot

paid a visit to Corsica. The Mayor of Ajaccio was delivering his address of welcome to the President. M. Emmanuel Arene, the Deputy for Corsica, who was standing near M. Carnot, fell

himself pulled by the sleeve. He turned and saw one of Bellacoscia's trusty friends, who informed him that the bandit wanted to see "He is over there," said the man, pointing M. Arene looked, and there at a window over the very heads of a detachment of

old brigand making signs to him. The Dep-

uty was trying to understand his signals.

when Bellacoscia's two daughters came up to him and implored him to present them He was madly in love with a young to the President, so that they might plead for their father's life.

ASKING PARDON FROM CARNOT. M. Arene immediately did so, and the scene that ensued was the "clou" of the presidential tour. Of course, M. Carnot was unable to grant the request and the girls were advised that Bellacoscia's only step was to give himself up.

Bellacoscia held out a few years longer, but in 1892 the old outlaw sent word from his mountain fastness to the gendarmes that he would meet them at a certain spot at a certain hour and surrender.

At the time appointed he stalked proudly down the mountain, erect and vigorous despite his seventy-five years, and, throwing of the law, quietly submitted. He was taken to Bastia, where he re

ceived an ovation from the inhabitants and came to be regarded as a hero throughout the whole of France. His exploits were commented upon by the press with the greatest unction. Pages of pathos-and bathos-were written about his great age, his patriotism in 1870; his daughters and their ppeal on their superannuated father's behalf, their surpassing beauty, their mod-esty and their genteel breeding.

He was placed on trial on the sole charge of firing upon the gendarmes in 1880. It goes without saying that the Corsican jury unanimously acquitted him. But the law prohibited him from residing in the same department as the descendants of his victims, and he was taken to Marseilles and

For a few months he was a familiar figure on the Canebiere. But it was remarked deepened as the days went by. He would stand for hours gazing out over the placid blue of the sun-bathed Mediterranean, the picture of melancholy. He could not accustom himself to the life of the busy, bustling city. Monte Cristo in the dark dungeon of the Chateau d'If hardby never pined for liberty more than Bellacoscia for the solitude of his mountain and a sight of his native Bocognano nestling at

At last this nostalgia became stronger than his desire to live a law-abiding life. or even to live at all. He returned to Corsica and took refuge from pursuit in the lofty eyries that had harbored him securely for so many years. He was welcomed with demonstrations of genuine joy by the in-habitants of Bocognano, and the authori-ties speedily learned of his return, but no attempt was ever made to molest him.

As to Jacques Bellacoscia, he never risked his head or his liberty by surrendering, and it is not known for certain whether he is alive or dead.

THE ART OF MAKING SALADS.

This Is the Season for Practicing It-Practical Hints to Housekeepers.

Salads please the eye as well as the palate. The fresh green and crisp salads, full of life and health, are indeed a delight. The important thing in making them is to have all the greens fresh and crisp, the meats and fish cold and well seasoned; use the best olive oil, sweet and cold. There are many kinds of salad dressing. The mayonnaise is the one used for most salads, but the simple French dressing is preferred by many, particularly on vegetable salads. Some consider a dressing ruined if mustard or sugar is added; others object to anything acid but lemon juice; so one has to study his own taste in a measure when seasoning. An old Spanish proverb says: "To make a perfect salad there should be a spendthrift miser for oil, as for vinegar, a wise man for salt, and a mad-cap to stir the ingredients and mix them well together."

To make mayonnaise dressing, place the olks of two eggs in a shallow dish with half a teaspoon of ground English mustard a saltspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of red pepper; mix well and stir briskly for a few moments; have ready one and onehalf cups of the best olive oil and pour into the mixture a drop at a time, stirring and even regular troops, who made repeat- readily. When it thickens you can turn ed and unsuccessful efforts to capture the more off in at one time, as it becomes too tablespoons of vinegar or lemon juice until you have used all the oil, stirring until thick and smooth. For meat or fish salads add a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce to

the dressing The usual proportions for making French dressing are six tablespoons of oil, a teaspoon of salt and a small teaspoon of pepper; mix well and add three tablespoons

and many vegetables and "handy to have in the house" is a boiled dressing made of three eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, one tablespoonful of ground mustard, two teaspoons of salt, one-fourth of a saltspoon of cayenne pepper, two tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of melted butter or oil, one cup of cream or milk, and half a cup of hot vinegar. Put in a double boiler and stir constantly. Cook until it is as thick as boiled custard. Take from the fire at once or it will separate. This will keep in a cold place some

is used: Take four well-beaten eggs and add to them one gill of cream, one teaspoon of mustard, one teaspoon of salt, a pinch of gill of vinegar. Place in a double boiler and when it becomes heated cook about five minutes, stirring all the time; it will be like a soft custard. Heat one quart of oysters in their own liquor to boiling point, drain them, and mix with the dressing; put in a cold place. When ready to serve mix with them one pint of crisp celery, cut

Chicken salad is a favorite with almost everyone. Have your chicken well seaoned when boiling, use the light meat, cut in cubes, and to one quart of meat use one and one-half pints of celery, cut fine. You can use the hearts of lettuce at this season of the year. Mix some of the mayon-naise dressing with the meat and celery; put in your salad dish and spread a generous layer of dressing over the top. Scat-ter a few capers and pitted olives over it and garnish the edge with delicate celery

For lobster salad, cut the meat of a freshly boiled lobster into half inch pieces and mix with mayonnaise dressing; take two lettuce leaves and place together to form a saucer, and place a tablespoon of the salad on them. Put more dressing on the meat and leave a little white heart leaf of lettuce sticking up in the dressing. Serve shrimps in the same manner. The German way of making and serving lobster as a salad is to line a shallow dish with lettuce leaves, cut the lobster into inch pieces and put on the leaves; scatter over that a tablespoon of chopped parsley and one of finely chopped onion, and, last, four hard-boiled eggs pressed through a puree seive. Pour over this a French dressing, to which has been added a tablespoon of Worcester-

matoes make a beautiful salad, alone

and handsome salad. Take tomatoes uniform in size, peel and cut a thin slice off the top and take out the inside, then set on the ice to chill. Have one pair of sweettalion of troops and announced that he was going to make short work of Bella-loscia and his band.

The very next morning as the battalion was parading one of the soldiers was shot through the arm. This daring act was followed the same day by a letter to the General, in which Bellacoscia explained the townstee on a lettuce leaf to serve

Il with this mixture, and put a teaspoon nayonnaise on the top, and stick a bit of

To make tomato and sardine salad, remove the skin, heads and tails of twelve good-sized sardines, place in a shallow bowl. lines into small pieces and scatter over the lettuce, take several tomatoes that have been thoroughly chilled, and cut the solid part into cubes and sprinkle over the fish; put teaspoons of mayonnaise here and there over the top and serve.

An attractive salad may be made of sar-lines. Cover a large plate with lettuce leaves, letting them come over the edge of the dish. Take any kind of boiled white fish that has been "left over" and pick in to small pieces and cover the lettuce, leaving an inch margin; split six sardines, taking out the bone, and lay them on the fish, the heads in the center, and spread around to form a disk. Put a little parsley in the middle of the dish, at the heads and on the fish; between each sardine put a generous teaspoon of mayonnaise. Slice a lemon and cut each slice in half and garnish the edge of the fish, the rind lying on the let-

or baked fish is made thus: Line your salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Take one cucumber, half a dozen tender radishes, the leaves of one young dandelion, and half a bunch of watercress, cut all up in small pieces and mix with a few of the heart lettuce leaves. Put in the lined dish and cover the top with mayonnaise. Place a few nasturtium blossoms around the dish.

A delicious and appropriate salad serve with game or domestic duck is made of one and one-half pints of crisp celery, cut fine and salted. Add to this one pint of apple, cut in small square pieces, and mix with mayonnaise dressing; in place of the apple you may use the alligator pear, which is usually found in the fruit stores at all seasons of the year. A favorite luncheon salad is composed of one cup of chicken or veal chopped, not too fine, and one and one-half cups of grated cheese; mix with mayonnaise dress-

ing, serve on lettuce leaves, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs, sliced and laid over Almost any cold cooked vegetables can be used. The chief thing to remember is to obtain a contrast of color to please the eye, and, if possible, have the vegetable of delicate flavor for the main part of the salad Asparagus, cauliflower, beans, peas, and carrots combine well. Potatoes, cauliflower, beets, and carrots go together. One or two vegetables can be used alone. Use any kind of dressing, and garnish with uncooked cucumber, tomato, lettuce, and any

THE RED MAN'S MONUMENTS.

handsome fresh greens.

Contributions by Indians to American

Philadelphia Record. The sun has set upon the red man. Despite the assertion of the Indian Bureau that there are more Indians in America today than there were at the landing of Coumbus upon San Salvador, the last sad relics of the aboriginal tribes, who once owned all this vast continent as their huntingground, have already been practically swallowed up in the swift civilization of the pale face. The American sculptor has expressed the entire melancholy of this passage of a race in his statue of the forest brave bending mournfully above the buffalo whom his arrow has just fatally wounded. The late John Greenleaf Whittier entitled this group "The Dying Era." It is the last Indian above the last buffalo. Of singular interest, therefore, is the popular inquiry now awakened as to the monuments which the disappearing red man will leave behind him in the new America. The Boston Commonwealth has enumer

ated thirty-three words as the sole heritage left by the North American Indian to the are such almost unheard-of terms as "humoo," "netop," "pipsissewa," "sannop," and "squeteague." Julian Ralph has called attention to this feature, and he adds a number of Indian words which it is truly surprising that the Boston lexicographer should have overlooked—such as tobacco and not a fragrant memory), chipmunk, hominy, moccasin, moose, pone, succotash and Mr. Ralph is forced to surrender after recollecting fifty-five. Even though an aggregate list of one hundred bona fide Indian words could be written out, only a meagre relic of the original Americans remains in

The New York Sun emphasizes the fact, accurate review of the terminology of the ionor of the red men. These are Alaska, Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona. Connecticut, Dakota, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Wyoming and Wisconsin. Two of these States came near to being otherwise named. The Mornons wished to christen Utah as "Deseret." after the honey bee, but Edward Everett remembered the Utes. To Charles Sumner s due the credit of the title of our great Northwestern Territory. The fact stands out, nevertheless, that this Indian terminology exists almost altogether in the territory west of the original thirteen State. of these only two, Connecticut and Massa-

chusetts, bear Indian names. The West, with its great Father of Waiwellers in their primeval forests. Michigan and the Great Lakes are particularly reminiscent in Indian vocabulary. But what I the Atlantic. There should surely be a | plet score the back downward from the of the East? Michigan has remembered its great chief, Pontiac, as Canada has Tecumeh. Massachusetts has remembered neither Pokanoket. Virginia rechristened Powhatstowed Pocahontas's romantic name nowhere on the broad and noble river near her birthplace. New York has called the Mohawk river after one of her tribes, and in her interior counties contains many pic- England has the advantage of America in turesque vocabularic relics of the Five Na- Japan." tions of the old Long House. Nevertheless he has allowed "the last of the Molicans" to die neglected on her map, and has taken Tammany, her great sachem, from a wigwam in our own State.

As for Pennsylvania, what has she show? Despite that one of her rivers is named after the old Maryland "Susquesahannoghs"-as Capt. John Smith wrote itwhere is her stream to commemorate her own Lenni Lenape? Maryland also preserves the memory of her other tribe in the blue Nanticoke. What memorial has Philadelphia of the peaceful Unami, with their totem of the turtle with whom Penn is said to have made the famous treaty?

POTATO CULTURE.

Shortage in Cultivation of the Crop

Where an acre of fairly good land brings forth only twenty bushels of wheat but will yield seventy-five bushels of patatoes; and when the wheat fetches perhaps only it looks as though the farmer who raised wheat was blind to his best interests. Statistics appear to show that the difference in quite as great as the foregoing figures indicate. Secretary Morton has for many years been urging farmers to cultivate potatoes, and, now that wheat and corn fetch so little in market, it is not unlikely that the acreage of potatoes on American farms will be considerably increased. that last year in the United States 2,737,973 This acreage would ordinarily yield a crop of about 170,000,000 bushels, valued approxi-mately at \$85,000,000. New York was the greatest producer. She had 378.728 acres planted, and the yield was 29,000,000 bushels or 75.5 bushels to the acre. In Michigan 215,270 acres yielded 13,000,000 bushels, or 65,3 bushels to the acre. In Pennsylvania 206,bushels to the acre. In Ohio the potato acreage and yield were almost the same as in Pennsylvania. These four States lead in the production of potatoes, New York beper acre. Last year the crop in the United states fell 2.250,000 bushels short of that of that of 1893, and it was evidently about that much short of the quality needed for

Everybody knows that we import Ber muda potatoes, but probably very few who tations from that island are (or at any rate were in 1893) far less than from any one o our or five other foreign countries. Scotland sent us the most-1,671,239 bushels. Then came Nova Scotia, 596,799 bushels England, 295,435 bushels: Quebec, 188,120 bushels, and then Bermuda, 64,993 bushels. ing to 51,720 bushels, and Germany, the Netherlands and Cuba were drawn upon pretty heavily. Ireland sent us only 28,540

consumption, for we imported 3,002,578

ion of potatoes in the United States falls far behind that in most of the countries of Europe. Germany, it is said, is now the about 900,000,000 bushels. In very good years the yield is a billion bushels or more. Russia's crop is just about half that of Germany, while Austria-Hungary and France produce each about as many bushels as General, in which Bellacoscia explained the tomato on a lettuce leaf to serve.

The united Kingdom has a crop of beats of the animal behind sounded fainter courage him to pursue his studies, being stored behind sofa beds or on top of book and fainter as he was left in the distance.

Would do no harm to man or beast, but that if the General carried out his inten
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that if the General carried out his inten
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The united Kingdom has a crop of beats of the pursue his studies, being stored behind sofa beds or on top of book and fainter careful in securing a place for his education. The built was atill between Mrs. Waite and the built present for home and in her dilemma she called upon humble, the life beautiful present for home and in her dilemma she called upon has a crop of book and fainter as he was left in the distance.

The built is fervent, the faith moth and dust do not corrupt. And the built present filling is composed fainter.

The united Kingdom has a crop of book is a place for his education.

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ustomed to regard the Irish as the great otato-eaters of the world. Throughout Europe, we presume, the potato very generally takes the place of bread with the pourer farm laborers. It certainly does so in Ireland, where bread is very rarely eaten by the small terant farmers. In the United States different conditions prevail, and the potato is unlikely to become so important an article of food. For instance, we have maize, and consume it in enormous quanti-ties, whereas it has only lately come to be regarded by Europeans as fit to eat. But whatever the conditions, it is plain that our cultivation of potatoes might be greatly increased without glutting the market, and with every hope of increasing the profits of

AMERICAN VISITORS TO JAPAN. Tourists Are Looking Towards the "Land of the Rising Sun."

A Japanese of distinction in his own country has come to this city for the purpose, as he says, of "looking at things." In an interview he spoke of the good esteem in which Americans are held by the Japanese. "Never before," he said, "were there as many Americans in Japan as there are this year. The tourists are to be seen not only in Yokohama and other seaports, but in out-of-the-way places, which they explore that they may get glimpses of the old-time Japanese life and customs. If they cannot put up at tig hotels, they are always able to find some place to stay, for the natives are of a hospitable nature, and have all heard of Americans. In Yokohama we have always been accustomed to Americans, and I am sure that as many as two thousand o them have lived there longer than I can re-member. But there are restrictions upon foreigners who want to travel over the country, and it is not everybody who can gain permission to do so. Traveling is per-fectly safe in nearly all parts of Japan. "I am sure Japan will yet be a great resort for American tourists. Before coming to New York I had visited Europe, and the thing that has struck me most since I arrived here is that this conutry is very much like the European countries I have seen. The streets there and here are the

same; the residences and business buildings are same; so are the manners and customs, the garb, the religion, the theaters, the food, and everything else. I do not understand why so many Americans go to England, or France, or Germany every year, and why they do not go to some country that is different from their own. When the American travels in Japan he sees things unlike any he ever saw before. The people are of another race; we have an ancient history and many things of antiquity; we have arts that are all our own; we have a Though in Russia the rod and its equiva-social system that has descended to us lents have had a more extended and bloody from prehistoric times; you can go into existence than in any other European state, Buddhist temples or into playhouses unlke | it is evident that the more humane spirit abiding influence of our two great religions, ich you call pagan; you can see novelties which is healthy and beautiful and orderly, and which is inhabited by a people whom | sented foreigners characterize as excessive in their politeness. Japan is not a second edition of Europe; it is unlike any other nation in the world; it is a country American tourists who want change; and I think that thousands of them will go every year hereafter. We have grand "I think that more than the usual number

of Americans have traveled to Japan this year because of the revelations made during the war with China. The war has brought more fame to Japan than all the other events that have occurred there since the mythological ages. It has given the world at large some knowledge of Japanese life and character and history. It has taught mankind that we are not a country of barbarians or simpletons, and that we are not like the Chinese or Hindoos, or any other Asiatics. It has made many intelligent Americans curious to learn more about us. It has been the means of attracting hundreds of Americans to the country which owes so much to Americans. If as this summer had thought of taking a trip to Japan, both countries would have been ben-Besides the war, the many books about Japan recently written by Americans and European authors have aided in creating a new interest in it. There must be very many of these books. Of all the foreigners who have ever visited my country, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has the best understanding of it. He was observant when last there. He is very subtle. He got into communication with the very soul and heart of Japan. I think that both he and the poet Arnold are much too flattering to us in their books, and I could criticise some things that they say. It was their kindly spirit. One might believe that no American can read their language about my country without desiring to visit it. They may be assured that visitors will be welcome more especially if Russia does not interfer with us. Yet another thing that has tended is the coming of Japanese among you. There must be several thousand Japanese in the United States, and many of them have got

acquainted with your people, and have en-tered into business relations with them. There ought to be a great trade between the Americans and the Japanese. "Some of the Americans who go to Japan take ship at San Francisco, and others take while touring around the world, perhaps from New York to England, and from there eastward by the Suez Canal and the Indian ocean. That is a long journey, but the American who makes it sees races and coming here to America, from Yokohoma ging with the knout and the plet. The along the Asiatic continent to the Red Sea, knout, like the English "cat," is laid and into the Mediterranean on my way to across the back. The three tails of the first-class steamship line between America nape of the neck to the loins, and every and Japan, making a quick passage from stroke, properly given, carries away three San Francisco to Yokohama, and these strips of skin and bites into the flesh. steamers, upon leaving California, ought to be as full of American tourists bound for Japan, as, upon their return trip, they ought to be of Japanese passengers for the Precoclous Children Who Should Be United States. The two powers are friendly, and they would be yet more so if they knew each other better. As things now are

A PARIS MYSTERY.

A Veiled Singer Whose Identity Was

Nettie Hooper's Letter, Once and once only was it given to Paris to be puzzled by a street singer. The apit lasted it was most perplexing to us. One evening all the loungers on the boulevards who were sipping their beer or "strangling a parrot," as the French phrase hath it to describe the process of imbibing a dose of that subtle poison, absinthe, were mildly bored by observing the approach of three street musicians; one man trundled a plano a second carried a violin, and a third, a tall slight woman in deep mourning, her crape veil sweeping over her face, look up her station between them. They paused and prepared for action, whereupon many people knowing the vileness and discord of street music, made ready to leave, when to the utter amazement of all to the accompani ment of two fairly good instruments, arose in the night air an exquisitely modulated and very powerful female voice, singing wail of Traviata over her approaching death. "Gran' Dio, morir si giovane." haps the voice gained by the surprise of the public, perhaps it was aided by the stillness of the sultry air, but certainly it sounded most divine. Thunders of applause and a rain of coin, both gold and silver, rewarded the trio's efforts; but they never gave but two sings per evening and then disappeared two songs per evening and then dist The adventurous men who followed the supple grace of the woman's tall figure returned discomfited, scared away by the truculent aspect of her two companions. During that whole summer the strange band would reappear every night and every night would reap a harvest; but when the summer de-parted they too vanished and never again reappeared. The Veiled Songstress, as she was called, came from the darkness and vanished into the night, and who she was course, the police knew, but the archives of the Prefecture are sacred from the gaze of the profane, and as this is the case, and as Inaudi, the lightning calculator, to distract our attention that autumn in front of the cafes; so the Veiled Songstress sank out of sight and the waves of oblivion have closed over her now and forever.

CHASED BY A BULL

Carriage and Calls on the Police. Hartford (Conn.) Special in New York Sun The Rev. Joseph Waite, pastor of Unity Church, had been engaged to preach in Willimantic yesterday. In order to spend Saturday night at home, he determined to take the Washington express that leaves this city at 5 a. m. bound east. His wife drove him to the station to me the train. On her way home she turned into Kenyon street when she he a strange noise behind her. Turning ab

she saw an animal heading for her that for a moment she thought might be an es-caped buffalo from some Wild West show. His head was lowered and his tall was in Mrs. Waite is brave, but when she saw that it was a maddened buil that was tearing down upon her she whipped her horse into a gallop and drove for life. Her horse responded to the lash, and soon the hoof

and drove on ahead to show them where she had met the bull. But he had left Kenyon street by this time, and she was able to drive home unmolested.

The three policemen set out to hunt the bull down. They followed his tracks and soon found him on Albany avenue, nipping the roadside grass. As the wagon neared him the bull shook his head menacingly, but seen lowered it and resumed browsing. His temper for a fight had apparently all sone. There were several cows in the pas-His temper for a fight had apparently all gone. There were several cows in the pasture adjoining the road, and the policement of determined that the bull should join them. Palmer, the 300-pound glant of the police force, volunteered to do the work, and he approached the bull with cooing words. He got hold of the rings in the bull's nose. The bull seemed tame, but quicker than a wink began to swing his head, and Palmer went up in the air. Palmer held on with his 300 pounds as an anchor. Again the bull flourished his head, and again Palmer described geometrical flower than a gain flower than a gain flower than a gain flower than a gain flower than scr'bed geometrical figures in the air. Then, with head down and tail up, snorting and bellowing, the bull charged his tormentors,

who fled. They let down the bars to the pasture and took turns in driving and coaxing, till finally he was persuaded to join the cows. The policemen returned to the station well satisfied. It wasn't till some time afterward that an observing police captain remarked that Palmer wore a red necktie.

RUSSIAN KNOUT.

It Has at Last Been Abolished by the Present Czar.

Providence Journal. Aside from the victims themselves and parties to their horrible torture, very few persons have had any adequate conception of the flendish barbarousness of the Russian instrument of punishment, the knout. In-deed, even in Russia the extent to which it was used and the terrible nature of the outrageous work for which it was responsible were not fully realized. The new im-perial ukase "abolishing the use of the knout for the punishment of offenses committed by the peasantry, who have hitherto been completely at the mercy of the local judges," was the direct result of something distinctly in the nature of a revelation to the Czar himself. Statistics were submitted to the Czar, showing that in ten years three thousand persons, mostly guilty of thefts of produce or other comparatively minor offenses, had died after punishment with the knout. Practically, pu lents have had a more extended and bloody of the age has been felt. Had not this been the case the statistics of horrible with a resultant abolishment of the knout

It is an interesting fact that the world at large was given to understand as long ago 866 that the knout was abolished for all but the gravest offenses. A Polish artist named Sochaczewski, who

was for twenty years in political exile in Siberia, is now in England, and has told some interesting facts concerning the knout and other incidentals of life (or death) in Siberia. M. Sochaczewski was a political exile in Siberia at the age of twenty-one, and suffered four years and a half in the mines, during two and a half of which he carried, night and day, chains, of which marks are permanently graven on his ankles. The former political prisoner is educated and intelligent, and speaks without fear or favor. He tells simply of what he has seen and known.

The knout was in use in the mines during the whole of his exile, and he had many times been a witness of its infliction. Those who were condemned to it suffered in public. The knout is not an article which is either susceptible of or needs a very elaborate description. A band of leather serves the executioner for a handle, and the knout itself is a single thong of leather, rough and very hard, tapering toward the extremity, where it is weighted with a ball of lead. With this the executioner, who is generally a reprieved murderer, can inflict as little or as great suffering as he pleases. Prisoners would sometimes give the executioner a rouble to prove his skill; when he would strike one of them, apparently with full force, across the palm of the hand, but the blow would scarcely be felt and would not leave a scratch. With the same instrument the executioner could kill at a single stroke (and was occasionally bribed to do so by a condemned prisoner), break-ing the ribs and almost tearing out the

M. Sochaczewski says that the number of strokes which are to be inflicted on a prisoner is itself of no consequence; for punishment with the knout is regarded as a of one hundred lashes might die at the third lash, in which case the remaining ninety-seven would be given to the corpse It was possible, if the executioner did not employ his whole art or strength, for the victim to escape death, but he would then inevitably be a cripple for the rest of his the knout had maimed for life. Nor did the knout exhaust the resources of penal discipline in Siberia. There is a whip called the "plet" that is scarcely less barbarous than the knout. The plet three tails of twisted leather, with bits of metal at the tips. It is, perhaps, a trifle less deadly than the knout, but an expert countries that are very strange to him. It flogger can kill his victim at the fifth was over this route that I traveled when stroke. There is a difference in the flog-

"BOY PREACHERS."

Restrained and Educated. New York Christian Advocate.

This sort of infant phenomenon is so numerous in the South that the Memphis Commercial Appeal says "they are becombecome very tired. Those who encourage them are making a travesty of the most sacred of human concerns. The first one ber has been increasing every year, until now, as is the case with the English sparrows, there must be found a way to abate | girl's mother devised an album. them, or the cause of Christianity will suffer.

and of their careers enables us to explain them to our own satisfaction, at least, They know nothing of human life. Sometimes they are converted, and sometimes they are not; but when they are not, they think they are. They imitate the manner and tones, easily absorbing the words, ideas and hymns of those who surround them, are flattered by attentions, become abnoran original thought, and seldom utter any-thing that would attract the slightest attention were they not so you Numbers of the early Methodist preach eighteen, but few as early as fifteen; for was the opinion of Bishop Asbury that they should be kept humble, and not allowed to advance beyond the rank of exhorter for some years. John Wesley held

is a phenomenon who holds on, and de-velops to the close of his life-generally short-increasing in merit and fame. There are just about as many successful boy preachers, in proportion to the whole nun ber of precoclous youth, as there are of transcendant geniuses in the musical sphere. One peculiarity is always noticeable where there is reason to believe them sincere-Owing to their youth any excitement the brain and nervous system tends to pro duce tears; hence, as they speak, become rhythmical, and the tears flow, it is a p thetic scene. Mothers look upon them: "
that my boy were there." Sisters repi
that their brothers are not capable of su deeds. Some one rises and exclaims: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise;" and all the handkerchiefs in the house are drawn out.

These same boy preachers often be speakers. Their lachrymal glands are like known several of them to dry up and have to leave the ministry. Others have re-tained the habit of eye wiping after the last tear has been dry for many a long month, and in some instances have deve ped a sniffle, summoning the membran the proboscis to supply what would onger flow from the tear-dimmed eye. Let not the reader suppose that we are satirizing God's servants. Moderation marks our description. Much more is reserved

But in a few years a wonder comes

converted, exhibiting marked gifts? Enurage him in the class and in the praye meeting. Do not tell him that you believe that God has called him, and that he should drop whatever he is doing and go to preach ing. By all means encourage his spirit unity and his testimony; but flatter his not. By so doing many have first spoile and then condemned hopeful youth. En

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nimself with the word of God, and gradualhe will soon burn out, may indeed fall into sin, or, avoiding that catastrophe, become a mere wandering evangelist of the inferior

called B, though many A's have befuddled the heads of many B's by making such as-BOOK OF THE NEW WOMAN. Invented by the Ingenious Mother of

a Bachelor Maid. San Francisco Chronicle. There is a book which deserves to called the album of the new woman-so unique and altogether fin de siecle is Fifty years ago it was undiscovered, not to say impossible, and our grandmothers, ruining their eyes over embroidery frames and samplers where people with stiff necks sat under impossible weeping willows, would have stared in impolite astonishment at

such a book as this. has won many collegiate honors, and the mother had a roll of diplomas which she was at a loss to dispose of. To frame them in the old-fashioned way was out of the

purchased from an art stationer large sheets of pale brown Bristol board, similar to that used in mounting water colors. On the first page she mounted a little certificate of graduation from a grammar school. It did not nearly cover the page, but it was the smallest of the collection, and the page had to be uniform with the others, which were to hold parchments of considerable size. On page 2 the certificate of graduation from a high school was pasted. Page 3 held a beautiful university sheepskin, with the blue ribbon of the collegiate course and the university seal attached. Page 4 was the background for a medical diploma, couched in formidable Latin phrases, and with the same girl's cal Examiners entitling the girl to pracice. A plain cardboard page was then pre-ixed to the five of reading matter, and one added to the back, by way of covers, making the book a volume of seven pages 27x22 inches in dimension. The pages were then pierced and laced up with heavy brown

Then came the naming of the book. cookland," and an artist friend was called nto requisition to illuminate the first page. This she did in water colors, with a very charming girl in Oxford cap and gown, done in shades of brown. The book was then passed about among a number of artist friends and each one asked to decorate a page. A good deal of friendly ri-valry resulted, each artist wishing his or her page to be the prettiest. The man who decorated the grammar school page drew a pen and ink sketch of a little girl in short skirts and long braids.

uotation from "Romeo and Juliet:" Love goes toward love, as school girls from

The girl tist who did the high school page drew a sweet girl graduate, all in white, with large, grave, thoughtful eyes, and the Tennyson With prudes for proctors, dowagers for And sweet girl graduates in their golden

swinging a bag of books, and under it the

gree had a harder task, but he finally selected a number of marginal sketches in water colors. He had a college girl swinging dumbbells in gymnasium dress, a number of girls rowing a scull, girls at tennis, girls and men at a college dance and a girl in student cap and gown, bending over a table with a pile of books and a student lamp.

diploma page pictured the heroine of the book feeling the pulse of a little child, while an office with a swinging sign was in the rear. Page five was a hospital scene, with the doctor girl as a central figure and a doctor's gig in one corner.
On the back of the back cover was written in brown letters "The Record of Marian." To be sure, not many girls can have such a book, but the invention of it solves some problems, and bulky and valued documents will no longer need to be

the ordinary photograph album. The credit Then there may open of the invention belongs to a California

> CAMPAIGNING IN MADAGASCAR. Newspaper Correspondents Do Their

waters. When the Lord calls men He Work Under Difficulties. makes it known to them. There is no evidence that the Lord tells A that He has Pall Mall Gazette.

The Madagascar expedition has now begun in earnest, and already one-third of the distance to the capital has been covered by the French troops. Few or no details o what has been going on have, however, reached Europe. The chief reason of this lack of intelligence comes from the fact that the press is hardly represented at the seat of war. But four special correspondents have been allowed to follow the expedition, all of them belonging to the

Most of them are new to the work and have never traveled outside of Europe. They arrived in Madagascar quite unprepared for a journey of this kind. Their out-fit is defective. Not a single one of them came provided with horses, donkeys, or porters, and some of them had to start for the interior without even a single They had reckoned on being able to find It was invented by the conservative mother of an up-to-date girl. The girl is everything on the spot, and were much disvery much away from home, and her gentle guardian spends the hours trying to think tives who were disengaged were asking exwhat she can do for the girl's pleasure and orbitant wages, and whereas I was paying over with me-12s per month, others could not find men at £2 per month. at Majunga, not a single one of some servquestion, framed diplomas being burdens try, although they had liberal offers. They and in the worst possible taste. So the objected to serving masters who did not seem to know anything about "safari

(traveling.)
In order to represent a paper effectually in Madagascar, it is necessary to be pro vided with a couple of horses, half a dozen donkeys, and at least forty porters. A boat ought also to have been secured, so as to be entirely independent of the expedition. not only for moving about, but also for sending news without delay. As it is, the correspondents are entitled to a Lefebyre cart between two of them, and to rations for one horse and one boy only. In case of accidents to their cart, and these are frequent, they are crippled, to say nothing of a complete lack of independence. Only one of them has a horse, and the others will be compelled to walk; they rely, however, on sending out men on such conditions is more than I can understand. On the other hand it shows great pluck on their part, especially as they suffer greatly from the climate.

The scantiness of the funds the French correspondents dispose of seems incredil to one accustomed to the proceedings of the English press: £20 to £40 per month is the average amount paid by the French papers to their representatives, who have to draw their salary and pay their expenses out of

Telegrams are unknown items to them Discussing one day this question with so of the correspondents. I was astonished hear their views. "Why should we send telegrams?" said one. "The Havas Agency sends all the news by wire, and, with the exception of events such as a big battle, if matters little whether the news is p lished three weeks sooner or later.'

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